THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES: A POEM.

Bella, horrida Bella! VIRG.

LONDON,
Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-lane*. MDCCXXIII.

(Price One Shilling.)

POEMS

BY

CHARLES SWAIN.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 NOV 69

THE PREFACE.

THE *following Poem being given me by a Gentleman of Worth, (whose Favours hereafter I shall be proud to acknowledge in a more Publick Manner) who meeting with it by Accident from a Friend abroad; I prevail'd with him to let it be pub-*

liſh'd thro' my Hands, ſince he as well as I thought it wrong that ſo excellent a Piece ſhould be kept for the Amuſement of Two *or* Three *only. I need give it no further Commendation, than to ſay he approv'd of it.*

This Poem would bear the ſtricteſt Obſervations of the ſevereſt Criticks, and more rightly claims their Remarks, than ſeveral that have been criticis'd upon: I muſt needs ſay, It deſerves to be introduc'd to the World by an older Hand;

For when had Youth the Leiſure to be (wiſe?

I would not be thought to encroach upon the Province of that profound Society; but if any Thing made me exert the Critick, 'tis the following Poem; for doubtleſs ſome of the moſt ſhining Parts would be hurry'd over unobſerv'd, and blended with the reſt. For 'tis moſt certain, That more than are capable of finding out

out the Beauties, will come to the Reading it.

The true OEconomy throughout the whole, the lively Deſcriptions, the natural Similies, the ſimple Grandeur of the Language, and the Regularity of the Numbers, render it a finiſh'd Work.

As to the Verſe, 'tis in Imitation of Spencer, *as is much of his Stile; which they that have read both will eaſily perceive.*

He inſcribes it to his Friend, and his Miſtreſs; his Manner of Addreſs is admirable: He quite thro' does Juſtice to both Sexes. The Field of Battle is Life, where he gives a lively Deſcription of it; which I may ſay of all the reſt of his Deſcriptions. The Choice of his Antagoniſts is much to be admir'd; he makes Beauty *conquer* Fortitude: *His Oppoſition of* Cunning *to* Wiſdom *is very juſt. His Deſcription of* Patience, Luſt, *and his Shield,* Virtue, Marriage, *and* Love, *ſhow*

as

as deep a Penetration as any that were ever wrote.

The following Lines of Patience *plainly demonſtrate he was as well read in the Ancients of other Languages, as of his own.*

Nobly deform'd with honourable Scars,
A branching Palm the Chieftain's Target (bore,
Whoſe Boughs, the more oppreſs'd, ſuperior (riſe the more.

And that of the Prude,

By Mortals Honour call'd, by Angels Pride.

As do ſeveral others in the Poem.

His making Luſt in the Diſguiſe of Love, conquer Pride and Modeſty, calls to my Remembrance an Obſervation I heard a very ingenious Gentlewoman make of her own Sex;

That

That if they were free from both Modeſty and Pride, they were left entirely expos'd to the Aſſaults of Man.

He ſhews in the 41*ſt Stanza the powerful Effects of true Love.*

The Speech that Marriage *makes at the latter End carries pure undeniable Truths with it;*

Gently ſhall thoſe be rul'd who gently (ſway'd,
Abject ſhall thoſe obey, who haughty were (obey'd.

In the 45*th Stanza ſee the fatal Conſequence of mercenary Marriages.*

And each Day's Truth ſhall moralize his Song.

I have proceeded thus far to no other Purpoſe, but to enlighten the Reader in the main Deſign,

Deſign, and to encourage him, from this, to ſearch out the Beauties I have left undiſcover'd; for ſhould I pretend to give the unknown Author his Due, I muſt canvas every Line; which would ſwell my Obſervations to a far more voluminous Piece than the Work it ſelf.

To conclude; if the nobleſt Way of Wit conſiſts in Deſcription; and if that Deſcription is to be ſet off by a juſt Propriety of Words and Thoughts, in Subjects capable of being enliven'd by Imagination or Fancy, all which ſerve at once both for the Improvement and Delight of Mankind: Then this Author muſt be allow'd to have attain'd the great End of Poetry.

THO. COOKE.

THE

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

THOU for whose View these Numbers are design'd,
A while with Favour, patiently attend,
Smile, and begin not now to be unkind,
But tho' the Poet please not, spare the Friend.

And thou, dear Object of my growing Love,
Whom now I must not, or I dare not name,
Approve my Verse, which shines if you approve;
Let giddy Madmen court delusive Fame;

Let your Acceptance ſweet o'erpay my Toil;
Let Age and Rigour frown, ſo Youth and Beauty ſmile.

II.

Of Arms, which erſt contending Sexes bore,
I ſing; and Wars for Fame and Empire made.
Deſpotick Man rul'd with tyrannick Pow'r,
Obey'd, but with Reluctance ſtill obey'd;
With Words his long-diſputed Cauſe he tries,
But Woman's equal Wit diſdains to yield:
At length to Arms ungen'rouſly he flies;
As quick the Female takes the proffer'd Field;
Each their ſuperior Merit to maintain,
For Man was learn'd, and proud; and Woman fair,
[and vain.

III.

A Plain there was call'd Life, extended wide,
To which a ſingle painful Paſſage led,
With num'rous Outlets plac'd on ev'ry Side;
Scenes ſmiling fair the Proſpect overſpread;
Flourets,

Flourets, and Myrtles fragant, ſeem'd to riſe.
All was at Diſtance ſweet, but near at Hand
The gay Deceit mock'd the deſiring Eyes,
With Thorns, and deſart Heath, and barren Sand.
Severeſt Change afflicts th'uncertain Air,
Expos'd to Summer Suns, to Blaſts of Winter bare.

IV.

'Twas here each Sex their Field of Battle choſe,
The narrow Entrance by Conſent they paſt;
But enter'd, ſoon their Enmity diſcloſe,
And to their different Standards march with Haſte.
Brigades of crafty Neuters hov'ring lay
Near either Margin of the ſpacious Plain,
To wait the doubtful Fortune of the Day;
And publick Loſs t'improve to private Gain.
Here Marriage chaſte, there Love the Conqu'ror lies;
Adverſe to ranging Luſt, and groveling Avarice.

V.

The Women firſt, quick to Revenge, were ſeen
In ſhining rich enamell'd Arms t'advance;
Like antient *Spartans*, o'er the level Green,
To breathing Flutes they trod a meaſur'd Dance.
Strait the Male Banners wave, unfurl'd in Air,
While ſounding Trumps delib'rate Valour breathe,
Kindling in martial Breaſts ſtern Love of War,
And Thirſt of Vengeance, and Contempt of Death.
Furious they charge, while Fortitude, their Guide
Conſpicuous in the Van, his Female Foes defy'd.

VI.

In freſheſt Pride of Life, and Strength of Years,
(The Male Battalions worthy to command)
In Times of Danger unappall'd with Fears,
A Chieftain ſwift of Foot, and ſtrong of Hand;
Nor tir'd with Labours, nor diſmay'd with Pains,
Arm'd at all Points, a Stranger to Deſpair;

He

He dreads not Treaſon, and he Force diſdains;
In bitter Taunts he thus accoſts the Fair.
By Women charg'd ſhall Warriors back recoil?
Sharp Swords and pointed Datts ſhall female Diſtaffs [foil?

VII.

Beauty, great Gen'ral of the Female War,
Sprung from the Front with Fortitude t'engage;
Too ſlight for Toils her ſlender Limbs appear,
Yet ſtouteſt Heroes trembled at her Rage.
Stiff Ribs of Whale her Coat of Mail compos'd;
Compos'd with Art, her taper Waiſt to ſhow.
A Beavor wrought with black her Helmet clos'd,
Which by the Name of Mask the Moderns know.
Each Step, each Motion, ſhot an artleſs Grace;
She ſeem'd of Conqueſt ſure, ſure e'en without her [Face.

VIII.

The warlike Virgin, and the Heroe, choſe
In diff'rent Ways to wage an equal Fight;

With

With Giant Strength he heaps redoubled Blows;
Of Force inferior she depends on Flight;
Eluding furious Strokes by quick Retreat,
Long Time she wards, and wary shifts her Place;
At length her Helm his Sword descending met,
And of her sable Vizard cut the Lace;
Millions of sudden Charms discover'd lye,
Her Skin, her Hair, her Brows, her Cheek, her Lip,
[her Eye.

IX.

Disdainful Frowns and Smiles alternate rise,
Swift to her Cheeks the lovely Crimson streams,
While kindling Rage darts Lightning from her Eyes,
And adds new Brightness to their native Beams;
Nor shalt thou boast, th'undaunted Virgin said;
Nor am I yet defenceless, and o'erthrown.
His forward Foot the shrinking Warrior stay'd,
Damp'd with resistless Fear, till then unknown.

Th' in-

Th'inchanting Voice his inmoſt Nerves unſtrung;
And what her Eyes began, ſhe perfects with Her [Tongue.

X.

But Wiſdom next ſlow marching to his Aid,
In heavy Armor took th'uncertain Field;
Temper'd his Helm, by wondrous Magick made;
And Proof to Witchcraft was his pondrous Shield.
Calm without Fear, and fervent to engage,
In Action quick, but tardy to adviſe;
He ſeem'd advanc'd to more than middle Age,
For when had Youth the Leiſure to be wiſe?
Valiant to charge, but not too proud to fly;
Reſolv'd his lifted Arm, and quick his piercing Eye.

XI.

Now Beauty ſmall avails, for Wiſdom knows
How ſoon her tranſitory Glories fail,
That Age brings languid Eyes, and wither'd Brows,
Her Hairs all hoary, and her Face all pale.

The more he view'd, he view'd with leſs Applauſe;
Whom Rage diſtorted, and whom Pride deform'd:
Sternly his unrelenting Sword he draws,
Nor by her Looks, nor by her Language warm'd.
Scarce could frail Beauty ſtand his awful View,
When timely to her Aid deep-mining Cunning flew.

XII.

Artful her Boſom heav'd, her rolling Eyes
Allur'd with Glances whom in Heart ſhe ſcorn'd;
Sweet flow'd her Words with ever-pleaſing Lies,
An Infant Liſp her double Tongue adorn'd.
Her Feet half dancing, negligently pac'd;
Her Motion, nay, her Reſt was all Deſign;
Her Arms a Scarf, a Ribband Bridle grac'd,
Whoſe Colours glorious in the Sun-beams ſhine,
Their Hue ſtill varying with the changing Place,
Yet each alternate Dye was ſuited to her Face.

XIII.

XIII.

The Springs and Paſſions of the ſecret Mind,
The witty Sorcereſs could ſurely move;
Now cruel falſe, now ſeeming faithful kind,
With well-dreſs'd Hate, and well-diſſembled Love;
Faſt fell her Tears, obedient to her Will,
A ſide-long Glance her ogling Eyes would throw;
Simple in Shew, and innocent of Skill,
Obſerving moſt what leaſt ſhe ſeem'd to know;
Then fartheſt off when moſt approaching near,
Was never Fraud ſo deep, in Semblance ſo ſincere.

XIV.

A fierce and dubious Conflict now began;
Cunning, great Engineer of Womankind,
Wiſdom, main Champion for contending Man,
Met wondring, each their Match in Arms to find;
Equal the Fight while both their Station held;
While neither Chief the adverſe Camp invades,

But furious Onſets either Part repell'd,
By warlike Wiles, and viewleſs Ambuſcades;
Their Safety not in Strength, but flying ſtood,
They conquer'd who retir'd, they yielded who pur-
[ſu'd.

XV.

Mean Time far to the Left great Patience fought,
Experienc'd Vet'ran, harden'd in Alarms;
His Mail ſeem'd Proof 'gainſt mortal Fury
[wrought,
Yet Furrows deep indent his battered Arms,
Loſs with perſiſting Diligence he retriev'd,
Arm'd by his preſent Ills for future Wars;
Leader of Men, Wounds had he oft' receiv'd,
Nobly deform'd with honourable Scars;
A branching Palm the Chieftain's Target bore,
Whoſe Boughs the more oppreſt, ſuperior riſe the
[more.

XVI.

Him Scorn oppos'd, an Amazonian Fair,
Whoſe haughty Eyes were ever glanc'd askew;

Her

Her Neck writh'd backward with diſdainful Air,
As ſome diſtaſtful Sight offends her View.
That ſilly Maid incur'd her ſteady Hate
That could to Man, tyrannick Fawner, bow.
At Diſtance let the menial Spaniel wait,
Or cringing at her Feet his Duty know.
Studious of Flight, ſhe fear'd to truſt her Feet,
But rode a Courſer bay, than Eaſtern Winds more [fleet.

XVII.

Tho' Man as trodden Dirt her Soul deſpis'd,
Yet ill her Habit, and her Words agree;
A manlike Hunter's Dreſs her Form diſguis'd,
Shafts on her Back, and Buskins to her Knee.
She fought, like antient *Parthians*, flying faſt,
And frequent ſtop'd her ſwift Purſuers ſpeed,
Still as ſhe ſhot redoubling ſtrait her Haſte,
Quick born far diſtant by her light-foot Steed;

E'er on her Cask, her Foe-Man's Sword deſcends;
Who 'gainſt impaſſive Air his idle Fury bends.

XVIII.

At length oft wounded by her backward Dart,
Diſmounted Patience headlong greets the Plain;
The boaſtful Conqu'reſs glories in his Smart,
Stops, and alights, to view and mock his Pain.
The ſeeming breathleſs Champion light aroſe,
By Wounds unweaken'd, fiercer for his Fall;
Nor could aſtoniſh'd Scorn his Force oppoſe;
Debarr'd of wonted Flight, a ſudden Thrall:
So dear th'unwary ſhort-liv'd Brav'ry coſt;
What Hours with Toil preſerv'd, with Eaſe a Mo-
[ment loſt.

XIX.

But now the neutral Troops to move began,
Threatning the weary'd Hoſts with fatal War;
Led by their Chieftain Luſt a Giant Man,
With boaſtful Voice, loud ſhouting from afar;

Like

Like Mountain-Torrents ſwell'd by Winter-
[Show'rs,
Reſiſtleſs, fierce he ſweeps along the Plain;
His leprous Mouth a Flame infectious pours,
Darting ſlow Death, and Strength-conſuming
[Pain;
His ever-rolling Eyes like Beacons glare,
Shagg'd as the Goat his Limbs, and black his briſt-
[ling Hair.

XX.

Still to new Conqueſt eager he aſpir'd,
Leaving with Scorn whom he ſubdu'd in Fight;
'Gainſt all Repulſes ſteel'd, nor ever tir'd
With toilſome Day, or ill ſucceeding Night.
Active whene'er the lucky Moment call'd;
At leaſt Advantage obſtinate to preſs:
His harden'd Front, unbluſhing, unappall'd,
Laugh'd at Reproaches, and enjoy'd Diſgrace;
Sporting with Oaths, unmov'd with Parent's
[Moans,
With rifled Virgin's Shrieks, or Infant's dying Groans.

XXI.

His Shield was painted with laſcivious Lies,
Whoredom's Device, deviſ'd to veil his Shame;
Of *Jove* the Thund'rer, and of *Phœbus* wiſe,
The Bull, the Goat, the Serpent, and the Flame.
There Prude *Diana* too, by Day-light chaſte,
Aſleep lay pictur'd in *Endymion*'s Arms;
There *Bacchus*' Feaſts, and *Venus*' Rites were
With Philtres baſe, and Luſt-compelling Charms. [plac'd:
A Creſt obſcene o'erſhades the Monſter's Head;
A *Jove* in Eagle's Form, and raviſh'd *Ganymede*.

XXII.

'Gainſt Luſt the raſh Coquets their Forces bent,
But ſunk beneath the Fury of the Storm.
When Modeſty from the main Army ſent
T'oppoſe his Rage advanc'd her Angel Form;
Skilful with Darts to wage an equal Fight,
Her Arm reſiſts not, but prevents the Blow;

A guiltleſs Bluſh crimſons her ſnowy White ;
Her Voice reſerv'dly ſoft, and ſweetly low.
No Woman Chief did like Perfection ſhare,
Scarce Cunning more of Might, or Beauty ſelf more [fair.

XXIII.

The Championeſs quick ſeiz'd a riſing Ground,
Where Ramparts high by Female Hands were [wrought ;
Whoſe Fence the Giant traverſing around,
Now here, now there, in vain an Entrance ſought.
Upwards he preſs'd with unavailing Speed,
Ardent in equal Fight his Foe t'aſſail ;
Her ready Lance meets his aſpiring Head,
Strongly rebuff'd he tumbling ſtrikes the Vale ;
But undiſmay'd, upſtarting from the Plain,
Again he riſes fierce, diſgrac'd to fall again.

XXIV.

Stun'd with the Shock, the ſcarcely conqu'ring [Fair,
Now wiſely meditates a diſtant Blow ;

A pond'rous Stone hurl'd through the whiftling [Air,
Prevents the grappling of her ſtronger Foe;
Full on his Helm the rocky Fragment fell,
And ſoil'd in humble Duſt his lofty Creſt;
But Wounds on Wounds his Courſe in vain repel,
For tenfold Fury fires his ſtubborn Breaſt;
His glaring Eyes ſhot a revengeful Flame;
He roar'd, and would have bluſh'd, if capable of [Shame.

XXV.

His Fraud (th'Artificer of Falſhood) try'd
In borrow'd Shape t'elude her wary Eye;
His Shield, and well known Casket thrown aſide,
Diſguis'd like Love, he march'd as an Ally.
With unſuſpicious Faith the Maid believ'd,
'Till now the Rampart's Top the Foe had gain'd;
Too late the lurking Treaſon ſhe perceiv'd,
Surpriz'd un'wares, ſhe ſcarce his Force ſuſtain'd;

Courage her Heart, and Strength her Arm for-
[ſook ;
Weak, ſinking by Degrees ; faint, yielding to the
[Shock.

XXVI.

The ſelf-ſufficient Prudes embattled ſtood
Near Hand, but none t'aſſiſt the vanquiſh'd flies ;
Their neighbour Ranks they ſaw with Joy ſub-
[du'd,
With ſpiteful Mirth triumphant in their Eyes ;
With Scoffs, and wiſe Reproaches they upbraid
Thoſe that o'erpower'd for Help or Pity call ;
And can they yield to Luſt, in Rage they ſaid,
Unaided, friendleſs, let the Wretches fall.
Themſelves were now attack'd, the reſt o'erthrown,
And Weakneſs ſcorn'd ſo late, too ſoon became their
[own.

XXVII.

At length the Chiefrain Prude obſtructs his Speed ;
(By Mortals Honour call'd, by Angels Pride)
On lowly Earth her Foot diſdain'd to tread ;
High in a martial Carr ſhe choſe to ride :

The Load Six dappled Courſers proudly drew,
Their Harneſs bright with Tinſel overcaſt ;
Still as ſhe rode a conſcious Glance ſhe threw,
To mark what Gazers view'd her as ſhe paſt.
Studded with burniſh'd Braſs the Chariot ſhin'd,
And drag'd with uſeleſs Pomp Six glittering Slaves
[behind.

XXVIII.

She clanks her rattling Arms, and ſhouts aloud,
Strengthen'd by num'rous Troops that gaz'd a-
[round ;
While Luſt half faint, amidſt the thronging Crowd,
Himſelf on Foot a Match unequal found :
He leaves the Field, as deſp'rate of Succeſs,
But with recruited Rage and Strength returns,
Drawn by Eight Steeds, he breaks the wond'ring
[Preſs ;
With Spokes of burniſh'd Gold the Chariot burns.
Pride turn'd her Reins, ſoon as his Carr ſhe view'd
Faſt fled the frighted Dame, the Frighter Knight
[purſu'd.

XXIX.

Now ſable-mantled Night advancing nigh,
Colours, diſtinct before, confus'dly blends,
While far from either Hoſt the Chariots fly,
'Till Honour tir'd, to Parley condeſcends,
Deigns to ſubmit her haughty Creſt to lower;
For Privacy ſhe thinks her Shame will ſcreen:
No more defying, ſtriking now no more,
Since nor her Vaunts are heard, nor Proweſs ſeen,
She yields a willing Captive to his Might,
Obſcur'd in guilty Clouds of all-concealing Night.

XXX.

From yielded Honour Luſt returning flew,
Where camp'd in Reſt the Male Battalions lay,
And rous'd their weary'd Hoſt with Battle new,
With Rage ſtill fierceſt when remote from Day.
Not all the Noon-tide Heat, and Toil of War,
Equall'd the Dangers of this Midnight Hour;

The Cent'ry ſink, unnerv'd with ſudden Fear,
And Groans of Wretches ſpeak the Victor's Pow'r;
'Till ſpread from Rank to Rank th'Alarm was [heard,
Where Reaſon, wakeful Chief, his utmoſt Tent up- [rear'd.

XXXI.

Stranger to Noiſe, to his lov'd Reſt retir'd,
Rev'rend his hoary Head, in Counſel ſage;
Scorn'd in Extremes, and in Extremes admir'd;
Decry'd in Youth, and idoliz'd in Age;
His Voice was ſmall, and ſtill, and rarely known
Where direful Trumpets vex the troubled Air,
He ſtarts from Earth where arm'd his Limbs were [thrown,
His Squadrons Fate or to revenge, or ſhare.
Your enter'd Camp from ſwift Deſtruction keep,
Or inſtant rouz'd awake, or ſlain for ever ſleep.

XXXII.

He ſpake; they riſe obedient to his Call,
Who near their Chief their ready Tents had plac'd;

Yet

Yet baffled ſoon the Conqu'rors Prey they fall,
Their Leader ſtanding but to yield the laſt.
A while ſucceſsful prov'd his aged Arm,
A while his Fortune hung in equal Scale.
He ſunk, enfeebled as he grew more warm;
But Luſt preſs'd on, accuſtom'd to prevail,
With Strength unbated by laborious Sweat;
Greateſt when moſt oppos'd, increaſing with his [Heat.

XXXIII.

Now ruddy Morn purpled the glowing Eaſt,
And ſhow'd the Waſte the Monſter's Rage had [made;
Whoſe Force nor Floods, nor Mountains could re- [ſiſt;
Nor Braſs, nor Di'mond Barriers, could have ſtay'd.
At length both ſhatter'd Hoſts their Counſels bent
How ſureſt to revenge their common Foil;
Made wiſe by Smart, a Championeſs they ſent,
Whoſe Arm alone was equal to the Toil;

Sometimes on Earth by Virtue's Title fam'd,
But by th' Angelick Hoſt Divine Religion nam'd.

XXXIV.

Mild, ſweet, ſerene, and chearful was her Mood;
Nor grave with Sternneſs, nor with Lightneſs free;
Againſt Example reſolutely good;
Fervent in Zeal, and warm in Charity:
Who ne'er forſook her Faith for Love of Peace,
Nor ſought with Fire and Sword to ſhow her [Zeal;
Duteous to Princes, when they moſt oppreſs;
Patient in bearing Ill, and doing well;
In Pray'rs, and Tears, ſhe found her ſole Defence,
Nor rais'd rebellious Arms to ſtrengthen Providence.

XXXV.

Her prudent Care was fix'd on Heaven's Height,
Yet by her Steps on Earth that Care was ſhewn.
Fearleſs of Harm in Darkneſs, as in Light;
Fearful of Sin at Midnight, as at Noon:

A bloody Croſs was pourtray'd on her Shield,
Whoſe Sight the Monſter ſcarcely could ſuſtain;
Feeble to keep, yet loth to quit the Field;
Blaſted and Thunder-ſtruck with chilling Pain:
When 'gainſt his Head her ſacred Arms ſhe bent,
Strict Watch, and Faſt ſevere, and Prayer Omni-
[potent.

XXXVI.

Murm'ring he fled, yet backward turn'd his Face,
Whom Step by Step th' Angelick Maid purſu'd;
Yet oft, as ſlackning he obſerv'd her Pace,
He ſtay'd his Speed, and Battle vain renew'd.
Mean while the yet-remaining neutral Bands,
Advanc'd with open Look, and friendly Mind;
Whoſe March a great and well-known Pair com-
[mand,
Marriage, and Love; unhappy when disjoyn'd;
Who over Luſt perpetual Triumph gain'd;
Friends to Religion firm, by wiſeſt God ordain'd.

XXXVII.

Love the moſt general Conqueror here below,
Whoſe ſubtle Nature hard is to be told;
Whom all can feel, but few aright can know;
Who cheats the crafty, and who fools the old.
He ſeem'd of jarring Contraries compos'd,
To Day ſharp-ſighted, and to Morrow blind;
His Beavour lifted up his Face diſclos'd,
Where ſimple Faith, and winning Sweetneſs ſhin'd.
High on his Creſt ſat perch'd a Gall-leſs Dove,
Emblem of changeleſs Truth, of Chaſtity, and Love.

XXXVIII.

Th' immortal Glories of the *Nutbrown Maid*,
Emblazon'd lively on his Shield appear;
The various Parts which ſhifting *Henry* play'd;
The Teſt for humane Frailty too ſevere.
Wealth, Eaſe, and Fame, and Sex ſhe caſt behind;
True to his Woes, and Conſort of his Ill:

Not Falſhood's ſelf could ſhake her ſteady Mind
Tho' baſe, and perjur'd, yet ſhe loves him ſtill.
All but her Virtue, ſhe for *Henry* leaves;
Love ſtands the ſore Aſſault, tho' rival'd Woman grieves.

XXXIX.

Sometimes more fleet the ſwift-foot Pow'r would go
Than Light, or Thought, or Time it ſelf could fly:
Sometimes with ſtealing Motion, ſilent, ſlow;
Unſeen, unmark'd, but by the jealous Eye:
Dauntleſs, reſolv'd, mindleſs of Perils paſt,
Rewarded in an Hour for Years of Pain:
Trembles his Eye, with modeſt Awe down-caſt,
Faulters his Tongue, ſcarce daring to complain;
Yet when grown bold their moving Force he tries,
Manna is on his Tongue, and Witchcraft in his Eyes.

XL.

Of winged Boys a num'rous Troop they led,
Who ſent their Shafts with never-erring Aim,

Whoſe Wounds not Pain, but tickling Pleaſure
Still were the loudeſt, and the fierceſt tame. [bred;

Forgetting Feuds they long to be ally'd,
And ſofter Paſſions on the Sexes ſeize:
Down from their Hands their wrathful Weapons
Chang'd is their Rancour for Deſire to pleaſe; [ſlide,

In ſudden Peace the jarring Kinds agree,
With Reconcilement dear, and cordial Amity.

XLI.

Transform'd by magick Love the Males appear,
New caſt their Natures in a finer Mould;
Prudent the Fool, well-natur'd the Severe,
The Wiſe grew humble, and the Coward bold;
Nor leſs his friendly Darts improve the Fair;
Was none or looſely free, or coyly rude;
The gay Coquet now liv'd not to enſnare;
To meekeſt paſſive Woman ſunk the Prude:

Nor could the brave reſiſt, nor fearful run,
For Heav'n made Man to win, and Woman to be [won.

XLII.

Next cloſe to Love well-ſuited Marriage came,
Who Hand in Hand their ſocial Steps advance,
Kindly as Warmth of Life, her even Flame
Not Fevers heat, nor flutt'ring Spirits dance;
Who Pleaſure taſted with reflecting Thought,
Not Life upbraiding for avoidleſs Pains
Entail'd on Mortal State; who wiſely ſought
Too flitting Love with long-enduring Chains,
Of Int'reſt and of Duty faſt to bind,
Fountain of chaſte Delight, great Parent of Mankind.

XLIII.

Where faithful Love had joyn'd the Sexes Hands,
She grants an holier, and a nearer Tye:
For Death alone could diſunite her Bands,
Nor leſs than Life true Love could ſatisfy:

While thus ſhe joyn'd the Pair, the Matron ſpoke;
Attend, ye Sexes, and my Words approve,
My Doom nor Male, nor Female ſhall revoke;
Since Nature form'd the Kinds for mutual Love;
Vain your Diſputes, vain is your Anger ſhown,
For more diſtinguiſh'd Hate meer Dotage ſhall at-
[tone.

XLIV.

Tho' Man does awful Rule o'er Woman bear,
Not ſprung from greater Worth, but Right Di-
[vine;
Yet ſhe ſhall in her Turn Dominion ſhare,
E'er to his Will her Empire ſhe reſign:
But while ſhe reigns her Mildneſs let her ſhow,
And well employ the quickly-fleeting Time;
Not unrewarded ſhall her Mercy go,
And ſtricteſt Juſtice ſhall o'ertake her Crime.
Gently ſhall thoſe be rul'd, who gently ſway'd;
Abject ſhall thoſe obey, who haughty were obey'd.

XLV.

XLV.

Ambition proud, and ſordid Avarice,
Diſguis'd like Love himſelf attended nigh;
And each ſometimes the Place of Love ſupplies;
While partial Age compell'd them to comply.
Such Pairs were ſoon diſtinguiſh'd by th'Event;
Unkind Reproach, too biting to endure,
Pining Diſtruſt, and brawling Diſcontent,
Curs'd Jealouſy, which Heaven alone can cure.
Foul perjur'd Guilt, ſad Cauſer of Divorce;
And late Repentance vain, of Hell it ſelf the Source.

XLVI.

Forgive the Voice that uſeful Fiction ſings;
Not impious Tales of Deities impure,
Not Faults of breathleſs Queens, or living Kings,
In downright Treaſon, or in Hints obſcure.
What here I write, each knowing Eye muſt ſee;
What here I write, to all Men muſt belong:

Still

Still will the Sexes jar, and ſtill agree;
And each Days Truth ſhall moralize my Song.
Still will each Sex for Sov'reignty contend:
Wars with the World begun, with that alone ſhall [end.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 60 NOV

FINIS.